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BRIDGEPORT CHRONICLE-UNION.

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CHRONICLE-UNION.

ALEX. C. FOLGER. ROBT. M. FOLGER.

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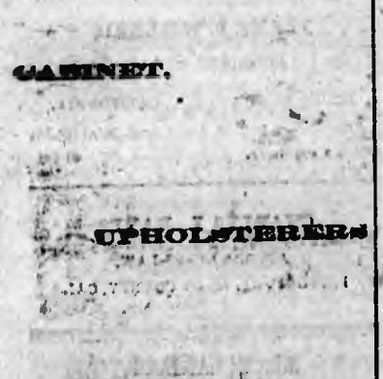

CHRONICLE-UNION,

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LUCK IN OPALS.

The Old Superstition Is Fast Dying Out.

Young Superstitious Qualities Attributed to the Gems—What the Leading Jewelers Have to Say About Them.

In days gone by an opal was considered the most beautiful of all precious stones. One reason for this is that the art of polishing the hard jewels, diamonds, rubies and sapphires was not then known in such perfectness as at the present day, and the beauties of these stones were not brought out. The opal, on the contrary, is soft, easily polished, and with very [illegible] obtained.

In the East, says a writer in the New York Journal, opals are held in great awe by every one. One peculiar superstition regarding the stone is that if the red shade in the stone becomes the most prominent and the blue that last, it denotes a waning of love on the part of the giver. Another superstition existing in India among the Hindoos is that if the prismatic colors fade out of the stone it is a sure sign of death to the wearer.

It is an unquestioned fact that the opal does change its intensity of color according to the health of the wearer. This, however, is due to natural causes, as the stone is very sensitive to heat and according to the circulation of the blood, so the colors are more or less vivid.

The "modern" superstition regarding opals will not be traced further than the beginning of the present century, and owes its origin to the story of "Anne of Geierstein," by Sir Walter Scott, who introduced into that romance an element of ill-luck which befell the heroine who possessed a talismanic opal. This struggle with the ill-luck attending owners of any of these beautiful jewels has extended down to the present day, and very few men or women have been found who were brave enough to possess or wear one.

Until recently it was indeed quite rare to find an opal in any of the prominent jewelry houses. There was absolutely no call for them, and the value naturally was ridiculously low. But the other day, in passing a window where handsome jewels of every variety were displayed, I noticed several gorgeous opals set in a number of attractive ways, so I made a number of inquiries as to their present popularity and whether the omen of bad luck still influenced people about purchasing them.

"Yes, I am sure the feeling of superstition in regard to the opal is dying out," said one of Tiffany's clerks. "We receive large orders for the once unpopular stone. I would not care to call it exactly a fad now among women; that term would hardly apply to such a delicate, lovely object, but I can say that the stone is certainly growing in popularity, and women are beginning to desire to add it to the collection in their jewel cases."

Here is a glorious beauty of enormous size, set in a circle of diamonds. It is cut round, and the brilliant blues, reds and greens flash together in and out, back and forth, in a bewildering combination of shades that is absolutely dazzling.

A large importer of the stones says that there is no difficulty in selling any fine specimens, as the demand is greater than the supply; but as in the case of many other things the American people demand the highest quality obtainable; this limits the amount of sales, as particularly fine specimens are not easily procured.

One prominent jeweler informed me that very few of the new millionaires of this country owned any opals. In the first place it was not showy enough for them. They wished something flashy and brilliant that could be seen and admired at a long distance. The opal taste is essentially a refined taste, and one looks successfully for owners of the precious stones among the old aristocracy.

A number of other jewellers said that their sales in opals were now much larger than heretofore and that many attached no importance to the unlucky omens. The value of the stone had largely increased owing to the demand.

The finest opals in the world are brought from Hungary, where they are sometimes found of enormous size. Some fine specimens also come from Honduras and from Mexico and New Mexico.

Ancient Fashions.

Dr. Julian J. Chisholm, of Baltimore, has been inspecting the Babylonish cylinders in the British Museum, and has found from the intaglios cut on them that the street dress of a society lady and presumptive leader of fashion in the year 2000 B. C. had a tight-fitting waist and sleeves, and a flounced or accordion-plaited [illegible] skirt, such as hangs in all woman's wardrobes to-day. Moreover, the hat was high, and a general slenderness and length of line was visibly sought, the Babylonian Worth having anticipated his French successor by nearly four thousand years.

Need the Law.

Under the law of every State in this Union a man who shoots another man who was stealing his fruit or robbing his hen roost can be prosecuted for manslaughter. The idea is that you shall [illegible] and argue with him, and if [illegible] wait for an officer.

A FAMOUS DUELIST.

Tales of Alex. K. McClung, Once the Terror of the Mississippi.

Thirty-five years ago the name of Alexander K. McClung was known and feared all over the State of Mississippi, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. He had come out of the Mexican war with a dangerous wound, received at the storming of Monterey, while at the head of his regiment; he had killed several men in street encounters and under the usual code duello, and he was known as a man of dauntless courage and imperious temper. Few men of his day entered life with fairer prospects of achieving an honorable and enduring fame. In some respects he was a natural "Admirable Crichton" among men. He was possessed of a magnificent physique and was a born soldier, poet, orator; but he died before his splendid gifts had hardly begun to germinate.

The curious lover of reminiscences has only to broach the subject of "McClung" to old residents to hear thrilling incidents of the desperado-duelist's doings. Occasionally they were of a humorous character. Upon one occasion Colonel McClung became enraged at an acquaintance in a public place, but instead of sending the usual formal challenge, he kicked the offending party out of the front door. A short time after this, at another public place, McClung saw the same person kick another man out the door. Very much amused and now in a good humor, the duelist pleasantly called attention to the coincidence between this and their own rencontre.

"That's all right, Colonel McClung," retorted the kicked kicker, "you and I know who to kick."

Tradition says he never quailed before danger or seemed to be satisfied with the courage of his antagonist except upon one occasion. Having passed a challenge, the offender chose bowie knives in a dark room. Each was to take his stand in an opposite corner, when, upon a given signal, the seconds were to extinguish the lights, lock the door and retire; then the two were to meet and cut till one or both were killed or satisfied. Knowing McClung to be expert with pistol, sword and knife, the challenged party remained perfectly still in his corner, while the desperado went plunging around in the dark like a madman, hacking and slashing as if in close encounter. Finally, after several minutes of this terrific test of the nervous system, unable to find his antagonist, yet feeling conscious that he himself was in mortal danger, it is said his courage for the time failed him, and the hero of a dozen desperate fights stopped short and cried out: "Where are you?" and demanded that the door be opened. He was satisfied. When the lights were restored Colonel McClung was white as a sheet.

Upon another occasion he made an insulting remark to a little fellow whom he could almost have carried around upon his shoulder, for physical strength was another of his natural gifts. To his surprise and amazement the man proved game. Walking up to his towering antagonist and shaking his fist he exclaimed:

"Colonel McClung! I'll let you know, sir, I'm no sardine if you are a whale!"

McClung laughingly shook hands with him on the spot and apologized.

An anecdote is related of Colonel McClung, which may or may not be Gospel truth, but it is at least plausible as being in line with his well-known character. The story goes that he was in the habit of visiting a lady at Mobile whom he admired. One evening when calling he noticed that she seemed nervous and agitated. He understood why when a heavy step sounded along the corridor and a brisk knock came on the door, which had been hurriedly closed by the lady. The knock was followed by a gruff voice demanding admission. The fair one explained to the Colonel that they were both in imminent peril, as the gentleman on the outside was a river captain who came to town periodically and insisted much against her will on visiting her.

"Let him in!" said McClung.

"Oh, but he'll kill us!" said the poor lady.

"Never you mind about that; you let him in," said the gallant Mississippian.

The outsider was getting furious by this time, and when the door was opened he fairly glared at the man he looked upon as an intruder.

"See here, young man," he yelled, "climb out of here, and don't waste any time."

Colonel McClung was reclining on a sofa, his head resting easily on his hand. Without changing his position he simply asked the river man:

"Do you know who I am, sir?"

"No, and —— the difference; you clear out."

Still, without making a movement, McClung drawled:

"Well, I am from Mississippi, and my name is Alexander McClung. I'll give you ten seconds to vacate the room."

"I have time to spare, Colonel," said the Captain, as he made a bee line for the door.

Colonel McClung was found dead in his hotel at Jackson, weltering in his blood, with one of his dueling pistols lying by his side. No doubt existed but that he had taken his own life. The causes generally given are two—remorse because of the man he had slain, and disappointment in not receiving a foreign office at the hands of the Whig administration he had worked to place in power so far as Mississippi was concerned.

AN INSOLVENT NATION.

The Bankrupt Condition of the Once Prosperous Portugal.

Portugal will [illegible] loans. [illegible] present indications are at fault, give another of the illustrations so frequent in her recent history of the rapidity with which a nation once on the downward grade gains momentum. Time was, says the Boston Transcript, when if Portugal did not "hold the golden East in fee" she at least divided possession of it with Venice. In those days when she was a great power on sea and land, with great fleets and armies at her command, she could have bought a large part of Europe, and then have had some money to put by for a rainy day. Now the rainy day has come and finds her with no money put by. In this emergency she [illegible] begging of the bankers, and it is all destroyed has secured a loan of about thirty-two million dollars from a syndicate of capitalists to tide over her present needs. Whether this sum will be sufficient is seriously doubted in London, where the Portuguese financial situation is pretty well understood. The debt of Portugal is about one hundred and forty dollars per capita of her population of five million, or in all somewhere in the neighborhood of seven hundred million dollars. The interest charge is about twenty-five million dollars, or considerably more than half the revenue; the deficit within two years has been as high as fourteen million dollars. These figures made London financiers indisposed to come to the assistance of Portugal, more especially as some of their number were already creditors of the Portuguese Government. One of the first purposes to which four million dollars of the recently borrowed money will be put will be to pay Baring Brothers their due. The immediate interest demands will take up ten million or twelve million dollars more in January, and the question is, when will Portugal want to borrow again, since the entire amount of the loan is only sufficient for little more than a year's interest. Portugal might do well to realise on her African possessions now. They would net her a good sum, and a nation that has neither gold nor steel can not hope to hang on to her colonies long when such powers as Germany and England long for them.

OSSAWATTOMIE'S BOYS.

How Owen and Jason Brown Disposed of Their Little Fortune.

John Brown, of Harper's ferry, whose soul goes marching on, has two sons, Owen and Jason, who went into the valley where Pasadena sits in the sunshine of the California Paradise, and there struggled against adversity and fought pinched circumstances in a long and hard contest.

A Lewiston gentleman just home from Washington, says the Lewiston Journal, met in New York an old friend, an attorney of much note, who recently settled the estate of one of these sons who recently died at or near Pasadena. The attorney told the Lewiston gentleman a story whose moral will be touching, no matter how badly it may be told in this place, and whose theme is heroic along the better line of heroism. This attorney found the affairs of the deceased in good order, but his estate small. He obtained from the surviving son a memento of John Brown, a letter written to one of the sons nearly fifty years ago—a good letter, with one or two bits of honest, manly advice in it. In progress of looking up the affairs the attorney found out this, that the two sons had lived along in a rather pinched way, paying for their little place, working hard and patiently, uncomplaining in their toil, and that they finally had saved two hundred dollars for a little nest egg against future troubles. About two years ago or more, as every one knows, Charleston, S. C., fell in earthquake. There was want and suffering—a misery in some sections paralleled only by the flood at Conemaugh. When these two brothers heard of it, forgetting that South Carolina had embodied the element that had slain a father, and hearing only the cries of want, they sent their entire little fortune to Charleston, and it was used in allaying the miseries of the men and women who in a certain way had been responsible for their father's death.

There's the story. You can think it over, especially in the light of its unostentatious giving, and perhaps you may see its moral. The fact that it has been unnoticed so long and that one of the sons has died without seeing even a newspaper reference to the incident, is proof enough that it was a gift of pure generosity and nothing else.

Old-Time Aristocracy.

The so-called cities of the United States at the time of the adoption of the constitution in 1776 were only what would now be counted towns of moderate size. But in each of these little capitals there was an aristocracy that affected the style and fashion of the English gentry. Gentlemen and ladies gathered at fashionable houses in the afternoon and spent the time in talking and sipping tea from daintily [illegible] china cups. Sometimes large parties rode down to a public garden in the country or a tavern by the seaside to drink tea. In most of the chief towns there were held once in two weeks "assemblies," or balls. At these assemblies there were stately minuets and country dances, and much money was lost and won at card tables in a room prepared for [illegible], which was then one of the recognized [illegible] of good society.

CHRONICLE-UNION

BRIDGEPORT, APRIL 4, 1891.

Entered at the Bridgeport Postoffice as Second-Class Matter.

County Official Press.

SAN FRANCISCO AGENTS.

JOHN F. UHLHORN, Manager of the Central & Northern California Press Association, No. 305 Bush, corner of Montgomery street.

G. H. KELLOGG, 320 Pine street.

SIGNS OF PROSPERITY.

The St. Louis Post-Despatch has been interviewing Charles R. Ingram, dealer in agricultural implements, South Bend, Ind. regarding the condition of the Western farmers, in whose welfare the Cleveland "Tariff Reformers" are taking such a deep interest Mr. Ingram gave the following good account of the farmers of the Western States:

"I have been through the States of Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas, Arkansas, Missouri and Northern Texas and find that the farmers everywhere intend buying new and improved farming implements to plant and gather the next crop. From long experience I know that this is an infallible sign of prosperity. After a bad crop, or when the farmers for some reason or other are not in a good financial condition, they are very unwilling to add to their stock, and make their old tools do. But when they have money to spare they invest in improved appliances. That the investment this year will be heavier than ever before is a fact assured by the contracts already made, and is evidence that the farmers never were so prosperous as they now are."

The above is the candid opinion of a man whose business is a reliable thermometer of the prosperity, or poverty, of the average American farmer. Aside from what he learned of their condition during his tour through those States, his sales and contracts show that the Western farmers are not a "poverty stricken" class, as the Democratic papers and orators have asserted, and charged the Tariff as being the cause of it. Before the next Congressional election the McKinley bill will have had a fair trial, and the farmers will find it is not to their interest to assist in the election of Democratic Free Trade Congressmen, or a President of that persuasion. They will find it will be best to let well enough alone.

The Arkansas Legislature ordered the painting of a portrait of Jefferson Davis. It was received on March 26th, and placed over the Speaker's desk. It took the place of the portrait of Washington, that has been hanging on the wall for the past 20 years. Arkansas is a good State to keep out of.

The Grocer and Country Merchant states that firms in England and New York are ordering considerable quantities of olives in pickle from Santa Barbara county, these orders being largely in excess of the available supply.

General Mahone and Langston, the rival Republican leaders of Virginia, have wisely concluded to bury the hatchet and pull together for the good of the Republican party of that State.

The Grant Monument Association has asked the New York Legislature to appropriate $500,000 out of the Direct State Tax money, to come from the Government, to build the monument.

Roland Layton has retired from the temporary management of the Truckee Republican, its publisher, H. A. Mason, Chief Clerk of the Assembly, having returned home.

One of the Mafia recently murdered a merchant of Kufsteins, a fortified town on the Tyrol, near the Bavarian frontier, and great excitement and feeling of indignation against the Italians prevails.

Texas fever is raging among stock in Missouri, causing much alarm. The Governor is to issue a proclamation prohibiting the bringing cattle into the State from Texas, Arkansas and the Indian Territory.

Dr. Vincent, of Fresno, has been convicted of the murder of his wife, and will be hanged—unless the Supreme Court interferes.

Heavy snow storms have impeded travel in the Eastern States. Three feet of snow fell in Virginia.

The President has appointed J. C. Quinn Collector of Internal Revenue for the Northern District of California.

Seattle talks of having an establishment to dry all the codfish caught in Alaskan waters.

Sheriff Dunster, of Nevada county, is to be tried in the Superior Court for intoxication. The penalty is removal from office.

At the late city election at Spokane Falls it was voted to drop the "Falls" and call the city plain "Spokane."

David H. Wells, one of the old-time Mormon leaders, is dead.

Charles F. Chickering, of piano fame, is dead.

A lubricating oil factory has been started at Stockton.

BRUNER WHITEWASHED.

The majority of the Assembly Committee, appointed to investigate the Bruner "boodle" charges, submitted their report to the Assembly. After a careful review of the testimony, it concludes as follows:

"It is with the profoundest and deepest regret, and with sincere feelings of pity, that this Committee finally concludes and finds that Elwood Bruner did not give the recommendation of Stoley, and receive the $400 therefor, as a part of a plan to entrap and expose guilty conspirators, but that he did do it with the intention of selling a position on the police force of San Francisco, and appropriating to the use of himself and accomplices the proceeds thereof."

The Report is signed by Bledsoe, Chairman; Jackson, Gould and Matthews.

The minority report says he took the money, and then applys the whitewash as follows:

"Considering all the evidence in the case, we cannot but entertain a reasonable and abiding doubt as to the charge that Mr. Bruner intended to appropriate the money to his own use. Such being the case, we desire to give the accused the benefit of the doubt. But in doing so, we would charge him with culpable negligence in failing to confide the whole matter to one of his many friends in the Assembly. Furthermore, he is deserving of the censure of this Assembly in not having secured himself and the body of which he is a member against the scandal which has been spread broadcast over the State."

The report is signed by J. G. McCall, T. H. Barnard and W. H. Galbrath.

As expected, the report was adopted by a vote of 40 to 21—the ayes being Republicans, and the noes being 16 Democrats and five honest Republicans—Bledsoe, Baughman, Freeman, Gordon and Hunewill. Twelve dodged and seven were absent. The vote stamped the Assembly as a Boodle Assembly, and, although no scandal attaches to the Senate, it must share the odium of being a branch of the Boodle Legislature. To add to the infamy, a few minutes before the Assembly adjourned sine die, three cheers were given for Bruner. Bruner is politically buried in a boodle grave, but he left a stain upon the Republican Party which many of the Legislators will rue.

The Jefferson Davis Memoir.

The Memoirs of Jefferson Davis, by his Wife, published in 2 vols., by BELFORD COMPANY, New York, has just been issued. Whatever may be the politics or sectional feeling of those who read these remarkable volumes, there can be but one opinion as to their historical value, or as to the impress they must make upon the literature of the century. While it cannot be hoped that the passions and prejudices of the struggle have wholly vanished, during the twenty-five years which have elapsed since the echoes of the last cannon-shot died away, sufficient cool judgment has supervened to admit of this "Memoir" being received as a most important contribution to the story of our great and now permanently cemented Union.

The execution of murderers is hereafter to be performed at the State Prison by the State Warden, thus relieving Sheriffs of an unpleasant duty, but one they are not often called on to perform—not as often as they should be. We have had excellent material in Mono county, but not one has been hanged by our Sheriffs since '78. Our juries relieve Mono's Sheriffs of little jobs.

THE next Legislature will probably see that there are no waste baskets in the rooms of the State Library.

NEW TO-DAY.

NOTICE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN TO THOSE INDEBTED TO THE UNDERSIGNED TO SETTLE THEIR ACCOUNTS ON OR BEFORE

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Mc Kinleyism.

What better testimony to the McKinley bill could be given than the following from Bradstreet's of a recent date:

"An interesting feature of the woolen manufacturing situation is the number of new mills being built or projected in the west. Since the first of the year it has been reported that a woolen mill has been projected at Rosedale, Kan.; the Commercial Club of Albuquerque, N. M., is negotiating with woolen manufacturers whom it hopes to induce to move there; the new Minneapolis Woolen Mills are being equipped as rapidly as possible; there is reported a probability that a woolen mill will be built at Belton, Tex.; at Marshall, Tex., the ground has been purchased for a mill and work on its construction is to begin soon; at San Antonio a company is said to be organizing for wool manufacturing; at Granville, Tenn., the establishment of a woolen plant is receiving serious attention, and announcements are made of woolen mills to be erected at Charlestown, W. Va., and Jacksonville, Fla."

Thus, while the enemies of Protection are eagerly watching for the slightest turn in market fluctuations to twist it into a justification of their exaggerated assertions about McKinley prices, McKinley industries are springing up all over the country to give increased employment to labor and to pour plenty into thousands of workingmen's homes.—N. Y. Economist.

A well-known tobacconist, while serving a customer who wanted a pipe, said that no amount of money will buy a pipe which will not get strong, and rank and odorous. Said he: "The perfection of pipe-smoking, and the only method of escaping nicotine, is found in the practice of buying clay pipes by the box and breaking each pipe after it has been smoked."

About ninety Sebastopol people contemplated a "surprise" for Mrs. J. M. Parsons. When that woman heard of it she published a card in the paper saying that they would not receive any entertainment in her building.

The Sherman Statue Fund Committee announces that $44,182 has been collected, sufficient to erect the statue.

A scheme has been discovered in New York to import Italian laborers. Italy is the better place for them just at this time.

LEGAL.

SUMMONS.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE COUNTY of Mono, State of California.

JOHN WATSON, Plaintiff, vs. ESTHER ANN WATSON, Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the County of Mono, State of California, and the Complaint filed in said County of Mono in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

CHAS. L. HAYES, Plaintiff Attorney.

The People of the State of California send Greeting to ESTHER ANN WATSON, Defendant

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court of the County of Mono, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service), after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain judgment against you to obtain a decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between the Plaintiff and Defendant, as will more fully appear by reference to the complaint on file in this action, a copy of which accompanies this summons, and to which you are hereby referred, as will more fully appear by reference to the Complaint on file herein.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, said Plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

Given under my hand and Seal of the Superior Court, of the County of Mono, State of California, this 6th day of January, A. D. 1891.

[LS] J. D. MURPHEY, Clerk.
By R. BARNARD, Deputy Clerk.

Indorsed: No. 827. Superior Court, County of Mono, State of California, Department No.—. John Watson, Plaintiff, vs. Esther Ann Watson, Defendant. Filed Jany 8th, 1891.

J. D. MURPHEY, Clerk.
By R. BARNARD, Deputy Clerk.

CHAS. L. HAYES, Attorney for Plaintiff. ja17-2m

W. A. R. LOOSE,

ASSAYER AND

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THE

CHRONICLE-UNION,

IS THE

PIONEER JOURNAL

OF THE EASTERN SLOPE OF THE

SIERRA NEVADA MOUNTAINS,

IN CALIFORNIA.

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The Tombstone Prospector says: Since the duty on eggs has been the rule many devices have been thought of for manufacturing them. The idea of a Nogales man is, however, the only feasible scheme up to date. His proposition is to feed hens on the cheap grain of Mexico, and have them lay in the United States. For this purpose a long building will be placed on the line, half in Mexico and half in the United States. They will feed and water in the Mexican end, and when they want to lay they go to the further end of the building, and in that way escape paying the duty. The projector of this enterprise came from Maine.

MEDICAL.

JENKS' DREAM.

Jenks had a queer dream the other night. He thought he saw a prize-fighters' ring, and in the middle of it stood a doughty little champion who met and deliberately knocked over, one by one, a score or more of big, burly-looking fellows, as they advanced to the attack. Giants as they were in size, the valiant pigmy proved more than a match for them. It was all so funny that Jenks woke up laughing. He accounts for the dream by the fact that he had just come to the conclusion, after trying nearly every big, drastic pill on the market, that Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, or tiny Sugar-coated Granules, easily "knock out" and beat all the big pills hollow! They are the original and only genuine Little Liver Pills.

Beware of Imitations, which contain Poisonous Minerals. Always ask for Dr. Pierce's Pellets, which are Little Sugar-coated Pills, or Anti-bilious Granules. One a Dose.

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Bilious Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels, are promptly relieved and permanently cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets. They are gently laxative, or strongly cathartic, according to size of dose. Smallest, Cheapest, Easiest to take. 25 cents a vial, by druggists.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

TARIFF LITERATURE FOR ALL.

The AMERICAN PROTECTIVE TARIFF LEAGUE is publishing a most valuable series of Tariff documents. These are prepared with a view to state the facts and arguments for Protection, whether in the interest of farmers, laborers, merchants or professional men. Each issue of the series appeals to those engaged in separate industries, and presents indisputable facts—comparisons of wages, cost of living, and other arguments showing the benefits of Protection.

Any single one will be sent on receipt of 2 cents in stamps except "Wages, Living and Tariff," which will be sent for 4 cents.

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Loaded wagon and two animals	1 00
Each additional pair of animals	50
Horseman	25
Pack Animals, each	25
Hogs and sheep, each	5
Loose stock, each	5

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[illegible] P. L. [illegible]

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D. M. & H. F. BARNETT ARE PREPARED to Feed and Shelter [illegible] Winter, at their Ranch in Antelope [illegible], at reasonable rates. The hay is [illegible] "Timothy," "Bluetail," and consists of a mixture of [illegible] grass and alfalfa. For further particulars, address,

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CHRONICLE-UNION.

BRIDGEPORT, APRIL 4, 1891.

County Official Press.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

Personal.

Supervisor Hunewill returned from Carson on Thursday, accompanied by Assemblyman F. E. Hunewill and family.

Mrs. O. H. Kister departed yesterday for Carson.

B. L. Simmons has gone to Carson to recuperate after a laborious Winter.

Columbus C. Turner was in from Smith Valley on Thursday.

Eugene Fitzgerald went to Bodie yesterday.

YOSEMITE NATIONAL PARK.

CHRONICLE-UNION:—

I am in receipt of a number of letters of inquiry about the locality of the Eastern Boundary of the Yosemite National Park. In reply I will briefly state: The Northeast corner is in sight of Bridgeport, on the East twin peak of Castle Peak, thirteen miles south, and two miles west from the S. W. corner of A. J. Bryant's ¼ Section in Section 33, T. 5, N. of R. 25 E., M. D. M.; making the distance, south by southwest, thirteen and one-seventh miles from the aforesaid corner near W. P. Brandon's residence. From this N. E. corner, being the corner common to four Townships—2 and 3, N. R., 24 and 25 E., the Northern boundary is established by a due west line between townships 2 and 3, north thirty-six miles, the northwest corner of the National Park, in Tuolumne county. Again, from the north side of Castle Peak, the Eastern boundary runs thus—south, between Ranges 24 and 25 E., twelve miles to the Mount Diablo Base Line, passing on the east side of Elderberry Mountain, one mile and a half west of the Town of Lundy; crossing over to the Summit to the western watershed, at eight miles; the Tioga road at eleven. From this point on the M. D. B., between Ranges 24 and 25, the Eastern exterior boundary takes an easterly course along the M. D. B. line six miles to the corner between Ranges 25 and 26—three miles and a half due west of George Troy's house. From this point and corner, the line bears south between Ranges 25 and 26, twelve miles—all of which is upon the eastern watershed. Thence east between Townships 2 and 3 South, six miles, a point northwest of Mammoth; thence south between Ranges 26 and 27, passing west of the Mammoth Mill and mines, re-crossing the summit at eight miles and over to the western watershed and to the southeast corner at 12 miles in Fresno county. From this, the southeast corner, the southern boundary is established by a due west line between Townships 4 and 5 South, M. D. M., forty-eight miles to the southwest corner in Fresno county. The Wagon Road, Act passed by the Legislature, will enter the Park, bearing northeasterly, crossing the tributaries of the Sweetwater, the mountainous region surrounding the South Fork of the Merced river, and thence up the Merced proper to the Yosemite Valley.

JAS. G. THOMPSON.

A GOOD LAW.—The last Legislature passed a bill requiring School Trustees to report to the Board of Supervisors the amount of money required to carry on their respective schools, and the Supervisors are required to levy a tax sufficient to cover said estimates. Had this law been in force last year our schools would not have been obliged to close after a short session of only six months.

THE MAILS.—The mail will leave here tomorrow morning, going over the Bodie road, so there is a prospect of our getting the mail regularly hereafter. The way it has lately been coming has not been conductive to the use of language one would naturally use in refined society.

DON'T SHOOT DEER.—The Legislature passed a bill forbidding under a heavy penalty, the killing of deer, antelope or mountain sheep in the State for the next two years from date of approval. It also forbids the destruction of wild duck eggs.

A PIUTE baby died on the other side of the bridge, on Thursday, and that night the tribe had a grand "cry," and yesterday the youngster was buried after the fashion of the whites—omitting flowers.

THE BULWER.—The Bulwer Company will hold its annual meeting on Wednesday next, the 8th inst. The weekly shipment of bullion continues.

NOTICE!—We call attention to the "Notice" of A. F. Bryant, under "New To-day."

PROTECT YOUR HEALTH.

Cold and moisture combined have a torporising effect upon the bodily organs, and the digestive and secretive processes are apt to be more lardily performed in Winter than in the Fall. The same is true, also, of the excretory functions. The bowels are often sluggish, and the pores of the skin throw off but little waste matter at this season. The system, therefore, requires opening up a little, and also purifying and regulating, and the safest, surest and most thorough tonic and alterative that can be used for these purposes is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Persons who wish to escape the rheumatic twinges, the dyspeptic agonies, the painful disturbances of the bowels, the bilious attacks, and the nervous visitations, so common at this time of the year, will do well to reinforce their systems with this renowned vegetable stomachic and invigorant. It improves the appetite, strengthens the stomach, cheers the spirits, and removes the whole physique.

REPORT OF THE BRIDGEPORT PUBLIC SCHOOL.

Sponsi Angell Kister, Teacher.

MARCH.

Names of pupils who failed to obtain an average of 75 per cent. in scholarship and deportment, are omitted—100 per cent. is the standard.

First Class—13 pupils.

Harvey Day	92
Minnie Bryant	90
Addie Domasi	89
Susie Gurney	87
Clarence Wederin	86
Lilly Kirkwood	85
Lula Brandon	85

Second Class—11 pupils.

Winnie Patterson	97
Eddy Brandon	96
Mamie Gurney	86
Fred Waltse	85
Joe Gurney	80

Third Class—5 pupils.

Pearl Sinnamon	98
Cordie Mays	94
Willie Scamman	89
May Hopkins	86

Fourth Class—5 pupils.

Maurice Hays	96
Lila Cody	94
Della Sinnamon	92
May Huntoon	89

Fifth Class—4 pupils.

Lottie Sinnamon	96
May Cody	95
Eddy Schuman	92
Irene Miller	91
James Hays	91

Sixth Class—2 pupils.

Jimmy Gurney	90
Frank Huntoon	85

HOUSE cleaning, painting and papering is the order of the day hereabouts. Dr. Sinclair's store and Simmons' Saloon building have been repainted.

WILL MEET.—The Board of Supervisors will meet in regular session on next Monday.

DECEASED.—James Shaughnessy died of pneumonia yesterday afternoon at 1 o'clock, after an illness of only about a week. Deceased was well known in Virginia as a sterling young man of exemplary habits, and his death is a severe blow to his family and relations. He was a member of the Emmet Guard, the Young Men's Institute and the Miners' Union. He leaves a widow and one child and an aged widowed mother.—Virginia (Nev.) Enterprise, Mar. 31.

James Shaughnessy formerly resided in Bodie and was the only brother of Mrs. Sheriff Cody, of this place, who has the sympathy of a large circle of friends in her bereavement.

The New Standard Census Atlas of the World.

The census has at last been completed. Chicago is now the second city in the Union. In 1880 she had but 503,000 and Philadelphia 846,000. Only ten years show Chicago with 1 098,000, a gain of over half a million, while Philadelphia has 1,046,000 a gain of but 200,000. It looks as though New York would soon be playing second fiddle to Chicago as well. In 1880 New York had 1,206,000 and now she has 1,513,000, or a gain of little over 300,000. The South is also shown to be waking up. Atlanta, with 34,000 in 1880 now has 65,000, nearly doubling her former population. Birmingham, Ala., with less than 10,000 in 1880 now has 26,000. San Francisco's increase has been a little disappointing, but she has passed Cincinnatti in the race in a handsome manner, and is now 8th, pretty far behind Baltimore with her 433,000.

The Atlas publishers will reap a harvest this year, as the census statistics and new maps, etc., cause an immense boom in the business. We take the above figures from the Standard Atlas of the World, which will in all probability sell by thousands, as it is one of the most complete and accurate works of the kind we have ever seen.

It is safe to say that the first agent in the field will fairly coin money, as we all want the new census statistics and all the new features in this Atlas which commend it to everybody. The History Company, of San Francisco, the well known Publishers, control the Coast rights. They want agents, and we call attention to their advertisement under "New To-Day."

A JOKER.—Brother Mason, of Truckee Republican, is a humorist, as was shown when the members of the Assembly, of which he was Chief Clerk, presented him with diamond cuff buttons. Accepting them, he said he hoped when he came to Sacramento two years hence to call the roll of the Assembly, it would be his pleasure to call the same roll of members he had been calling all Winter, without one missing. He knew that very few of those listening to him will answer to their names at that time.

LEGAL.

Notice to Creditors.

ESTATE OF JOSEPH MAGUIRE, DECEASED

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator of the Estate of Joseph Maguire, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at the office of J. E. Goodall, in the town of Bridgeport, Mono County, California, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said Estate in said County of Mono.

T. F. FITZPATRICK, Administrator of the Estate of Joseph Maguire, deceased.

Dated at Bridgeport, Mono County, California, February 12th, 1891. f14-4w

SEALED PROPOSALS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT SEALed Bids will be received by the Board of Supervisors of Mono County, California, until April 1st, 1891, (or furnishing stationery required for the use of the County of Mono and its officers, for the year 1891.

The Board reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

All bids must be addressed to the Board of Supervisors, Bridgeport, Mono County, California; and indorsed "Sealed proposals for Stationery."

Bridgeport, Mono County, January 13, 1891.

J. D. MURPHEY, Clerk.

ja17.

The C. Nevada & Santa Fe.

Trains will soon commence running on the California, Nevada & Santa Fe road. On Monday last tracklaying was to commence on the extension of the road from Wagner to Walnut Creek, and when that is completed the work of extending the road to Bridgeport and Pioche will probably be inaugurated. A. M. Bee, formerly of the Atlantic & Pacific Railroad, has accepted the position of Superintendent.

Attorney General Hart has appointed Oregon Sanders, of Visalia, his Assistant, under the new law, to take charge of the criminal cases before the Supreme Court. This is an excellent appointment, and shows that Mr. Hart proposes to have able assistants, which has not been the general rule in that office.

TWO EASTERN SNAKES.

The Cobra Is Good-Natured But the Polonga Is a Bad Neighbor.

From ages past, says a writer in Popular Science, the susceptibility of snakes to the influence of music has been fully recognized, and it would be interesting to know how many varieties acknowledge its power. In Ceylon the natives say that only two—and they the two most venomous, the cobra and the tic polonga—can be charmed. The former, the hooded or spectacled snake, every one has heard of; the latter is not so well known out of the island and is a far more deadly and dangerous foe. The natives hold the cobra in the highest estimation and look upon it as the king of snakes—the Tamil name for it being in fact "nulla parmbu," or "good snake," and I think it is an admitted fact that it will seldom if ever attack any one unprovoked. I have myself seen cobras under many circumstances, and although I have conscientiously destroyed every one that I have been able to, I have no hesitation in saying that they are not dangerous unless disturbed. In proof of this I would quote the case of a pair that occupied a hole in a clump of oleanders in a certain garden for several years. No one ever disturbed them and they sunned themselves where they pleased, and the gardener rather looked upon them as an additional attraction to the place. They used to eat squirrels, young birds and any thing else that came in their way, but never attempted to do any harm, and remained unmolested as long as I knew the place, and probably raised an interesting family meanwhile. Unlike the cobra, the tic polonga is always ready to attack on the slightest provocation, and as it inhabits many localities—some being found in shrubs and trees, some in grassy waterways and others invariably in the vicinity of footpaths—it is more often met with, and is I think, responsible for most of the fatal cases of snakebite that happen from time to time. This difference in the habits of the two snakes is well known to the natives and is the subject of one of the Singhalese fables, which is as follows:

One very dry year, when little rain fell, when rivers had dwindled into a silver thread, when tanks were baked hard and brown and wells and water courses were dried up, a polonga, suffering agonies from thirst and faint from the overpowering heat, met a cobra looking very lively and refreshed. "Have you found water anywhere?" gasped the polonga. The other said: "Yes." "Where—oh, where is it? Tell me, I implore you, for I am dying of thirst!" said the polonga. The cobra replied: "I can not tell you unless you promise to do no harm to any living thing that may be beside the water." "As for that," replied the polonga, "I would promise any thing so that I might quench this intolerable thirst." And he gave a solemn promise. "Well, then," said the cobra, "beyond those bushes is a large earthen pan of water, in which a child is playing. Go and drink from it, but at your peril do not harm the child." So saying they parted. The cobra, after going a little way, began to distrust the polonga, knowing the latter's treacherous disposition and rugged temper, and turned to follow him. He arrived too late. The polonga had not only drank of the water, but crept into the pan where the child began to play with him. On this he grew violently angry, bit the child with all his force, so violently, indeed, that the infant died in a few minutes. The cobra, in hot and fiery indignation, attacked the polonga and punished him severely, biting off a piece of his tail. Hence to this day all polongas have blunt tails. Ever since cobras and polongas have been at deadly feud. They are the most deadly serpents in Ceylon. When people hate one another mortally they are said proverbially to be like cobra and polonga.

Oleomargarine in Russia.

The Ministry of Imperial Property has prohibited the manufacture of oleomargarine in Russia. The article will be allowed for sale only in exceptional cases, and then it will have to be kept in vessels painted a certain color, so that everybody can at once know what it is. A fine of five hundred rubles will be imposed on the merchant who sells oleomargarine for butter; at the repetition of the offense his license will be revoked.

A Baron's Romantic Pillow.

A sentimental French Baron sleeps every night upon a pillow filled with the hair of all the most lovely women in the world. He has paid as much as five francs for a single hair, to insure himself against the fearful calamity of having a hair from the head of a plain girl creep into the collection. It must be dreams of fair women that come each night to the gallant nobleman.

MISCELLANEOUS.

$66 a year is being made by John E. Goodrich, Troy, N.Y., at work for us. Another may not make as much, but we can teach anybody how to earn from $5 to $20 a day at the start, and more as you go on. Both sexes, all ages. In any part of America, you can commence at home, giving all your time or spare moments only to the work. All is new. Great pay SURE for every worker. We start you, furnishing everything. EASILY, SPEEDILY learned. PARTICULARS FREE. Address at once, H. HALLETT & CO., PORTLAND, MAINE.

BANQUETING THE DEAD.

How Buddhists in Japan Entertain Delegates from the Spirit Land.

Not long ago a number of elderly and much-traveled gentlemen were grouped in a semi-circle around a big fire-place of a down-town hotel, swapping yarns and telling experiences. Among them was Dr. G. H. Colton Salter, who for many years was United States Consul in Japan, and afterward entered the Chinese Government service. When Dr. Salter's turn came to produce an original story founded on personal experience, says the San Francisco Chronicle, he told the following tale:

"The many stories published during the last months about Indian ghost dances and the Messiah craze remind me of one of the most remarkable incidents I have ever witnessed during my long career in the orient, and I am sure there are but few Americans or Europeans who have had the opportunity to see the sights of which I am going to tell.

"The native religion of the Japanese is, as you know, Buddhism, and there is no creed which is so full of superstition as this. Some of the ancient beliefs of the Buddhists are calculated to frighten the faithful and vividly portray the horrible punishment that awaits the sinful man after he closes his earthly career, while others, with charming simplicity, show that the greatest aim of the Hindu religion is the release from existence. The doctrine of the transmigration of souls and a hope for a better fate in a future life are the principal foundations upon which Buddhism rests. Nagasaki, where I resided for many years, was famed for the splendid festivals in honor of Buddha, or Gautama, the founder of the religion. Owing to the work of missionaries and the consequent spread of Christianity in Japan, many of these religious fetes are no longer publicly observed, and the one of which I am about to speak had its last grand celebration in 1886, just before I left Nagasaki.

"It is called the Matsidre, and was held during the last week in August or the first week in September, continuing four days. These days were set aside for the reception of the spirits of the dead, who, according to a legendary belief, return once every year to their old homes. For many weeks previous to the festival preparations had been in progress. The houses of the believers had all been carefully swept, cleaned and polished, and the home altars, which are to be found in every native house, had been redecorated and refurnished. The interior of all the buildings had been profusely adorned with flowers, the streets had been repaired and the whole city was in holiday attire.

"On the morning of the first day the dead were received with much ceremony in the graveyard, which is in a beautiful grove. Each mound was profusely decorated with lighted lanterns and garlands of many-colored paper globes hung from tree to tree. On the top of every grave food of the daintiest kind was spread. On mats spread about each grave sat all the living descendants of the person who had been buried in that particular spot. Not a single tomb was neglected. If in the course of years the family of any one of the silent sleepers had completely died out his grave had been embellished and supplied by strangers. The spirits were supposed to arrive and depart by water from the sea, and for four nights and days the living communed with their dead and were with them in spirit. The souls of the departed were supposed to hover around the tombs like substantial, visible beings, and they were treated with every attention due to sacred and distinguished visitors from the other world.

"The night of the second day was devoted to a grand terpsichorean entertainment, or spirit dance, and the graveyard was transformed, for once into a ball-room, where ghostly dancers were supposed to hold revelry. The scenes made a strong and everlasting impression on me. The night was perfect, the moon was at its full and the air was fragrant with the perfumes of thousands of flowers. Myriads of lights were flickering on the hill-sides which surrounded the city, and the colored lanterns swayed gently to and fro, keeping time to the chimes of the silvery bells in the temple tower, which furnished the music for the mystic entertainment. Around an artificial lake in the center of the graveyard the people knelt in silent devotion, worshiping on the shrine of Buddha, whose emblem, the lotus flower, rose from the middle of the lake.

"On the last night—on the night of nights, as it was called—a grand procession finished the festival. The people marched in parade to escort their spirit visitors to the water front, where they were to depart. Boatmen carried on their shoulders a gigantic craft built of wood and straw, in which the dead were supposed to be seated, and which was to convey them back to spirit-land and to Ohata, the great father beyond the sea. This boat, which is called Fukuy, was a master-piece of Japanese carpentry. It was ninety feet long, and had a stately mast, with a huge sail, which bore in native characters the inscription: 'Naidinamawidi,' a word which is symbolic of Gautama's greatness.

"This boat, artistically and richly decorated, was launched with much ceremony after the last spirit had been embraced and, figuratively speaking, had taken his seat on board. It was pushed out into the sea, and, drifting away, was finally carried out of sight by the tide. And so ended the last festival of Matsidri ever held publicly in Nagasaki, and the most splendid religious celebration I ever witnessed."

Down on Cats.

A young woman of Athens, Ga., detects the presence instantly of any feline that enters the room where she is. She need not see or hear the animal when it enters, but has intimation of its disagreeable presence by strange sensations that she invariably experiences when she is brought into contact with a cat, and she entertains an unconquerable repugnance to these animals.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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IMPLEMENTS.

A MUSICAL PHANTOM.

Violin Solos by a Ghost That Haunts a Mine.

The Strange Story Told of a Deserted Cabin Down in Alabama—Sweet Strains from an Invisible Musician.

Down in the abandoned Arbacoochee gold fields, twenty miles south of Edwardsville, Ala., says the Pittsburgh Dispatch, stands the ruins of a log cabin where years ago a mysterious and bloody crime was committed. The place is haunted, but not by visible ghosts. No white-robed phantom forms walk with noiseless tread across the broken, vine-covered floor of the old cabin. No spectral lights gleam through the one window or across the rotten threshold of the shutterless door. The ghost is heard, not seen, and no one who has once heard the sounds that come from the old cabin at midnight will ever again doubt the existence of spooks.

The ghostly sounds are the music of a violin. The playing is not that of a master, but it is good, and it is soft and low as though the soul of the player was in sympathy with his music. Night after night for many years this ghostly violin played by ghostly hands has awakened the echoes of the deserted cabin. First, there is heard thrumming on the strings, a tuning of the instrument, and then the bow is drawn across the strings when they are all in perfect harmony. A sweet Scottish love ballad of olden days is first played, then comes the familiar music of the Scot's highland fling.

Then there is a brief pause, another thrumming of the strings, and then on the night air softly floats the music of that old Scottish song: "Within a Mile o' Edinboro Town." One stanza is finished, another is begun; the music is softer, sweeter than before, when suddenly it stops in the middle of a bar, and is heard no more until the following night, when the same programme is repeated.

Of course, there is a story attached to the old cabin, a story to explain the ghostly music, and a weird story it is. In 1868, when the Arbacoochee gold fields were filled with prospectors, two old California miners turned up there one day. Their names were Martin Burke and Daniel McLeod. They were past middle life, and had been mining in California and Nevada for twenty years with indifferent success. McLeod was a Scotchman, and to the newly-discovered gold field he brought an old violin, which he never tired of playing when asked to perform.

The two miners rented the cabin and went to work prospecting among the hills. They had been there only a few weeks when other miners and prospectors noticed they went out early in the morning, always going in the same direction, and did not return till night. Many suspected they had struck it rich somewhere in the hills, but as no one else had been able to find gold in paying quantities it was finally agreed that Burke and McLeod were merely following some blind lead.

One day the two men were missed. Next day they were still missing, and the cabin was visited. The dead body of McLeod was lying on the floor of the cabin. He had been shot through the head while sitting in front of the fire playing his violin. When he fell his fingers stiffened on his violin, and when in removing it from the dead man's hands the bow was drawn across the strings by accident the old fiddle emitted a wail for the dead musician which, it is stated, made those who heard it shudder. Burke was gone, and naturally he was suspected of the murder of his partner.

There seemed to be but one reasonable theory of the crime—that the two men had made a rich find, that Burke had murdered his companion and taking all the gold had fled. The theory was generally accepted, but as there was no positive evidence against Burke no effort was made to find him.

None dared to charge him with the murder of McLeod, because they had no evidence. Burke spent his days and nights in the one saloon of the little town. About that time the ghostly violin-playing in the old cabin was first heard, and one night a frightened countryman was giving an account of it in the saloon at Arbacoochee. Burke heard the story, and it was noticed that he turned deadly pale, and, staggering to the bar, called for a glass of liquor. From that night Burke drank more and more, and in a week he was on the verge of the jim-jams.

Late one night he reeled up to the bar and called for liquor. A crowd of countrymen were drinking in a back room, and one of them was playing a violin. Burke paid no attention to the music at first, but just as he raised the glass to his lips the country fiddler began to play: "Within a Mile o' Edinboro Town." The glass of liquor fell from Burke's trembling fingers, and, with a gasp, he fell to the floor. The look of terror on the man's face was one never to be forgotten. He fell all in a heap, and in five minutes he was dead. The doctors said he died of heart failure, caused by drink and sudden excitement.

Terrible Siberia.

Siberia has no less a bad name for lawlessness than for climate, for convicts escape from confinement during summer and prowl about preying upon the inhabitants. This is often done with the connivance of the police authorities, it is said, who not merely draw the allowance for the escaped convict but accept part of the spoil which he returns with the approach of winter, when no robber can live in the woods or on the road through the long months of severe frost. An attempt is about to be made to reform the administration, chiefly with the view of separating the office of juge d'instruction, or examining judge, from police functions. In each town and village of Western Siberia there is to be, according to the proposal coming before the Imperial council, a creation of justices of the peace. The present provincial tribunals will fulfill the functions of a court of appeal.

TO CONVERT THE NOMADS.

A New Religious Order for Special Work in the Sahara Region.

Cardinal Lavigerie, who has done so much to abolish African slavery, has given his sanction to the formation of a new religious order having for its special object the conversion to Christianity of the peoples in and around the Sahara Desert. The name of the new order, says the Chicago Post, is the Brothers of the Sahara. It is the purpose of this brotherhood to advance as fast as they can safely do so from oasis to oasis across the desert, and thus to be the advance guard in pushing French influence through the great regions which she has recently acquired. Thus far the Catholic church has been very unfortunate in its endeavors to extend its missionary work across the desert. Quite a number of its missionaries who started to cross the Soudan have been killed by fierce nomads. This time the missionaries will not attempt to push forward any faster than it seems safe to advance.

Their first religious establishment has been opened at Biskra, in southern Algeria, where the members of the order are receiving preliminary training in languages and native usages so that they may easily carry on their work. They intend to receive under their roof all wayfarers, fugitive slaves, sick and infirm people who require either shelter, hospitality or medical care. It is hoped before very long to found branches of the order in Tugurt and Wargla, the next stages on the desert route.

It is probable that the fierce Tuaregs who killed Mme. Tinne, the celebrated Dutch traveler, several other well known explorers and every missionary who has ventured into their territory, will soon cease to be the plague of the desert. Between the persistent missionary influences that are constantly making headway, and the purpose of the French, in one way or another, to overcome the hostility of the Tuaregs, these fierce nomads will have an exceedingly hard time of it if they do not cease their attitude of persistent hostility toward every white enterprise that is pushed toward their country.

INDIAN AND COMET.

The Former Accounts for the Latter to His Entire Satisfaction.

During the year the last comet was streaming in the sky I was camping one night in a canyon near the foot of Cook's Peak, N. M. In the party was an old and—for an Indian—a fairly intelligent Ute named Sam. Sam had been attached to some cavalry troop at Fort Cummings as a scout, says the Kansas City Star, but his day of leaving the service being reached, he attached himself to me—for a consideration. Pointing to the comet, I asked Sam what he could say in its defense from the standpoint of a Ute. Sam was, unlike most Indians, a good single-handed talker, and could speak English very well. He was ambitious to perfect himself in the language and readily seized on every chance for a "talk." Indeed, I discovered him on one or two occasions all alone and talking vigorously at a mark like a savage Demosthenes sans the pebbles.

"Tell about that?" said Sam, pointing toward the comet. "Sam do it heap easy, you bet. The sun is the man and he have moon for squaw. The stars—big stars and little stars—all are their children. The sun don't like 'em and chases 'em. If he catch one he eats it. This makes the stars heap 'fraid, and when the sun has his sleep over and comes out the stars run and hide. When the sun comes stars go; creep into holes and hide. But the moon is good. She loves her children, the stars, and when the sun sleeps she comes out in the sky and the stars are glad, and they come out of the places they hide in and forget to be 'fraid and play. But when the sun wakes again they run. He is always after them, and he catches them sometimes. This one," continued Sam, again pointing at the comet, "the sun catch one time. He got away, though, but the sun bit him and hurt him. That's why he bleed so. Now he's heap scared, and so he keeps his face always toward the place where the sun is sleeping."

A PENSIONED SCHOOLMASTER.

The Hard Lot of an Aged German Pensioner.

A schoolmaster named Handorf, sixty-eight years old, was pensioned from a Mecklenburg estate twelve years ago, after having taught there twenty-seven years. His pension consisted of a cow, a shaky little cottage, a small parcel of ground on which to raise a few bushels of potatoes and a few small measures of rye. The old man received nothing, however, toward the defraying of his daily expenditure for food, heat and light, and so it came about that he was obliged to go out on the highway as a laborer for twelve and one-half cents a day. In the heat of summer and the raw, wet days of fall he has for many years worked patiently and uncomplainingly among rough men who were formerly his scholars, enduring without a word the taunts and reproaches of an unfriendly inspector. On the second and fourth Saturday of every month he has stood in line with the other laborers, his wage-book in his hand, and waited his turn to receive the paltry sum due him. Twelve years of the old man's life have passed thus. He has passed his eightieth year, and is without a prospect of a better fortune.

Absent-Minded.

An absent-minded man created quite a sensation on Sixth street a few evenings ago, says the Cincinnati Enquirer. He was in a store making a purchase. The clerk who waited on him went down into the cellar where the goods were stored, taking a lighted candle with him. After securing it he returned and placed the lighted candle on the counter while he tied up the goods. He had hardly begun when the man threw down the money, and grabbing the candle, dashed out of the store to catch a passing cable car. He had almost caught it when the shouts of several boys made him aware of the ludicrous picture he presented, and he hastily returned to the store and profusely apologized to the clerk for the mistake he had made.

TULIPS BY THE THOUSAND

Something About the Bulbs That Sleep in Park Beds.

They Will Blossom in Splendid Masses of Color Next Spring—Holland and the Two Crazes of the Seventeenth Century. Fabulous Prices for a Single Bulb.

Nearly ninety thousand tulip bulbs slumber in the rich loam that constitutes the great flower beds dotting the parks and public squares of this city, says the New York Star. They are safe enough from any frost that ever visits this latitude, and they will serve to peep above the ground with the earliest hint of spring, and to flame into splendid color before the month of May. Last year's designs will be repeated in this year's tulip beds. In the circular bed at the corner of Fifth avenue and Fifty-ninth street the tulips will blossom in eccentric circles, each of a different color. At the corner of Eighth avenue and Fifty-ninth street will glow a great Japanese bird kite, resplendent with red, white and yellow tulips. There will be, also, splendid beds near the Arsenal in Central Park, in Tompkins square, near Clarkson, in the City Hall Park, and at several other points.

It is peculiarly appropriate that the most magnificent show of tulips to be seen anywhere in America should be made in this city, for the town was settled by Dutchmen just at a time when Holland was in the midst of the tulip craze. Holland has never entirely recovered from that craze, and the finest tulips in the world are now raised in the sandy soil behind the Dutch dykes, while New York imports her tulip beds from the home of her earliest ancestors. But the present interest in tulips among Dutchmen is nothing to the rage that reached its wildest extremes in the years between 1634 and 1637. The modern craze for orchids is mild in comparison to this Dutch "tulipomania," as it has been learnedly called. The passion was confined to no one class of the community. It spread through every rank of life. Poor mechanics raised in their tiny gardens marvelous blossoms, while the rich spent fortunes upon a few dozen bulbs. For three years everybody talked tulips. Each spring found thousands eagerly watchful of the tulip beds. Books were written upon tulips. The habits of the flower were deeply studied. There were all sorts of devices for hastening the blooming of the plants and prolonging the life of the blossom. Loving friends presented to one another tulips as the most precious of gifts. Acres upon acres of sandy lowlands were resplendent with these marvelous "bubbles of blood."

Of course the craze developed an eager money-making spirit. Prices were monstrous—fabulous. A single fine tulip bulb fetched 12,000 florins, or more than $6,000, and three of them fetched as high as 30,000 florins. Sometimes one bulb would be owned by a dozen persons. Then came dealing in futures. Men contracted to furnish, at a future time, bulbs not yet in existence. Many more bulbs were sold each year than were ever grown in any one season. Everybody bought tulips, and many speculators got rich. Others, however, were ruined. Tulips were quoted as stocks and wheat are quoted now. New varieties were constantly announced. Men traveled many miles to look at a single blossom. Artists took up the matter, and to-day you may see scores of tulip pictures painted when the craze was at its height.

The tulip craze gradually spread all over Europe, though nowhere was it so severe as in Holland. It was specially marked in Great Britain. There was much religious persecution in Europe during the latter half of the seventeenth century, and many refugees fled to liberal little Holland. They caught the tulip fever, and when some thousands of them went to England from Holland they carried it to Great Britain. Even yet the finest British tulips are grown by mechanics, the descendants of those refugees.

Holland is long past her tulip craze, but she remains the great flower-growing country of Europe. Even yet fine varieties of tulips are quoted in Dutch catalogues at from twenty-five to one hundred and fifty florins. Hyacinths are also grown to great perfection, and sold at high prices. The light sandy soil of Holland is peculiarly well suited to the tulip. The plant is probably of Asiatic origin, but it has been brought to its highest perfection in Holland, and especially about Haarlem. The Dutch tulip raisers protect their beds in spring with hoops and mats.

READS UPSIDE DOWN.

Case of Perverted Vision in a Pennsylvania Girl.

A very peculiar case of perverted vision has been presented to an oculist of York, Pa., says the New York Journal. A little girl of ten years, the daughter of one of this city's most respected citizens, was discovered by her schoolteacher to be unable to read her reading exercise unless the book was held upside down. The teacher immediately communicated the fact to the parents, and they became very much worried.

The oculist was called in and an examination made of the child's eyes. They were found to be entirely normal. The only conclusion arrived at was that the strange freak of vision was the result of a habit of trying to read with the book pages in an unnatural position, a habit contracted some years ago when the child was first sent to school.

At this time the child in writing numbers upon a slate always made them upside down, and as it was never observed or corrected she gradually drifted into the habit of reading the same way.

The only means of cure possible is to teach the child every thing over again as though she never knew any thing before. This will be carefully done and a cure of this really phenomenal case is anxiously looked for in the near future.

MARINE MEALS.

Uncle Sam's Sea-Soldier Fattens Himself and Still Has a Surplus.

The meal of the merry marine, much as he would like to have it appear a simple, crude and unsatisfactory affair, is nevertheless, if all accounts are to be believed, the subject of considerable study, amendment and manipulation, all with the purpose of giving to the sea-soldiers the best that can be procured for the money Uncle Sam allows, says the Brooklyn Eagle. In the course of a tour of the Flushing avenue barracks recently a reporter was put in possession of what appear to be the facts in what has been recently a mooted question regarding the marine ration. The quartermaster of the marine corps advertises each year for proposals to furnish rations for the various posts from July 1 to the end of June following. Bids are opened in May and the contracts go to the lowest bidders. The Government specifies the quantity and quality of the rations to be supplied by the contractors and the goods have to pass inspection. Competition in the bidding has lowered the figures, and this year the lucky bidder secured the contract for the supply of the Flushing avenue post at thirteen dollars and thirty-nine cents per one hundred rations, or a little over thirteen and one-half cents a day for a marine's food. It is only a couple of years ago that a bid of over seventeen cents a ration was accepted by the Government.

One hundred rations must contain the following quantities: Seventy-five pounds salt pork or one hundred and twenty-five pounds fresh beef, about one hundred and twelve pounds of flour, fifteen pounds beans, fifteen pounds sugar, ten pounds coffee or one and one-half pounds of tea, four pounds salt, four pounds soap, four quarts vinegar, four ounces pepper, one and one-half pounds candles. Uncle Sam contracts for these rations and sends them along with machine-like regularity, but he does not have a law that one hundred marines shall use up so much stuff in a day, whether they want it or not, and here is where the cunning and economical sea soldier gets in his most effective work. For, with rare genius for controlling circumstances and a tactical capacity much superior to that required for a dress parade, he manipulates the ration until it becomes a thing of beauty and much to be enjoyed and for a long time. Thus very seldom a man eats all the Government allows him. But what is left is good stuff, provided it isn't cooked, so why not sell it? Now the oversupply for the something like two hundred men at the Flushing Avenue barracks, even if they were all on hand all the time, is worth a good deal; and when to that are added the rations of those who are away for a little while it is worth more. So the needs of the men are calculated with more or less nicety, and what is saved is sold to various dealers with whom arrangement is made. The proceeds create a fund. What does the marine do with it?

Well, an officer of the post is commissioned by the commandant to put out his money to the best advantage in securing additional edibles which shall lend variety, if not luxury, to the repast. The cast-iron Government ration is not burdened with the quality of epicurean variety, as a glance at the above list may reveal. With the something over two hundred dollars a month put into his hands for the purpose the officer who buys the extras gets potatoes (when cheap more, when dear less), vegetables for the soup, more beans, mutton and sausage, and instead of the forequarter of the beef nice stew beef; also oatmeal, milk, prunes, and the like. The officer who buys these things has to show his receipts and have his accounts audited by a board of fellow-officers. Part of the saving from the ration goes to stock the library, buy games and provide gymnastic apparatus, and, in general, to purchase means of amusing and benefiting the men. It is beyond question that the malcontents among the men who grumble about quantity or quality of their food are vastly in the minority.

ABOUT MAHOGANY.

How the Beautiful Wood Was Discovered and Brought into Use.

The discovery of the beautiful and costly timber known as mahogany was purely accidental. The first mention made of it, says the Detroit Free Press, was by Sir Walter Raleigh, who used it in 1597 at Trinidad for repairing his ships. About the beginning of the eighteenth century a small quantity of it was taken to England by a West India captain named Gibbons, who sent a few planks to his brother, a physician residing in London. This gentleman, at the time of the receipt of the wood, was having a house built, and placed the planks in the hands of the carpenters. They attempted to cut it, but because of its hardness very quickly threw it aside. The doctor expostulated, but the workmen remained fixed in their determination to have nothing to do with a lumber which so successfully resisted their attempts to saw it. The planks were then taken to a cabinet-maker named Wollaston, who was directed to make a candle-box with a portion of the wood. The same objection was advanced by this workman, but being a persevering individual, he persisted and finally made the box. When polished it so outshone any thing previously made that it very quickly became an object of curiosity, and the people flocked to see it.

As a consequence the wood became quite popular, especially after a portion of the physician's treasure was employed in the construction of two bureaus, one for himself and the other for the Duchess of Buckingham. These specimens of cabinet work caused the rejected wood to become a prominent factor in the construction of luxurious pieces of furniture. Thus Wollaston was amply rewarded for his perseverance in fashioning it into the candle-box, and his name, together with that of the physician, and his admired brother, became inseparably connected with the history of the introduction of this wood into civilized lands.

METALLIC MILLINERY.

Gauze Abdomen Competing with American Belles.

The fashion which began some time ago of trimming the collar and cuffs of women's dresses with lace, network and other articles in metal, has not been confined to the daughters of Europe and America, but has struck a responsive chord in the savage breasts of the denizens of Africa. From all parts of the dark continent comes a cry for the cheap and gaudy metal millinery of Christendom. The demand is particularly large, says Drake's Magazine, from the communities where brass, copper and other wire has long been employed as an ornament for the neck, arm, wrist, waist and ankle. The practice is followed by the warriors as well as the women, and is said to produce very picturesque results. A chief or belle whose costume consists of a mile of bright brass or burnished copper wire, with a small cloth around the loins, must present a brilliant effect to the European traveler.

In Christendom the practice has gradually grown to rather large proportions. According to a late price list the metals employed to make the fabrics are gold, platinum, gold plate, silver, silver plate, nickel, steel, german silver, pewter, lead and Berlin iron. The articles manufactured include collars, collarettes, waistbands, belts, sashes, braid, lace, crochet work and embroidery.

Over three thousand designs are in the market already, and more than twenty manufacturers advertise to reproduce any design within a reasonable time to please either jobber or retailer. In one system the goods are produced in the rough by passing sheets of metal between embossed cylinders of hardened steel. This makes the cheapest and poorest work in the market. It is chiefly employed in manufacturing metal collars, belts and attachments for hanging watches, handkerchiefs and pocketbooks to the waist. Its only advantage is that it enables a poor shop-girl to buy a silver-washed belt for one dollar which resembles in a faint way a handsome silver one costing forty dollars or more. The rolls will not turn out fine goods, such as lace work and the like.

A second method employs dies run by steam power and the requisite metal rolled in sheets of high tensity. Formerly it was difficult to get dies and stamps to do really fine and delicate work. The coinage of silver and gold and the embossing of tin were about the highest points reached. Recent improvements in mechanical science and art have brought in a vast change for the better, and now enable the metal-smith to stamp out fabrics as fine and delicate as Brussels lace. In a series of experiments, according to this mode of manufacture, admirable reproductions in steel, tin and aluminium bronze were made of ferns, cycads, Nottingham lace and crochet work. The work is exquisitely delicate and can be brought down to a thickness not much exceeding silver foil. The imitation of fabrics is excellent, especially that of lace work. A steel collarette, to be fastened to the outside of a coat collar, is made by this method with such clean-cut angles and fine lines as to suggest the finest kind of the jeweler's art.

The third system consists in so modifying the knitting machine and the lace loom as to allow the use of metallic threads instead of others. The first experiment in this line probably took place in the successful production of wire netting. The next step lay in the braiding and weaving of wire into all sorts of patterns. The third step was easy, and brought wire-weaving down to a common level with all other kinds. Metal work has this advantage over linen, woolen, cotton and silk. It can be drawn into threads of almost mathematical perfection, and through subsequent treatment with chemicals can be made almost finer than the human eye can perceive. When such filaments as these are employed in weaving, the resulting web is more delicate than the gossamer of the poets. By using a form of the Jacquard loom, it is possible to weave colored pictures in metal, using red, green and yellow gold, white or black silver, gray platinum, red copper and other distinct shades. By using the same variety of metals with a lace loom chromatic effects can be produced such as no "point" ever displayed. With the proper kind of metal, the durability of all these new-fangled art products approaches indestructibility. The cost of this textile process is much greater than with the rollers or the dies. The prime cost is very great, and the expenses increase rapidly with the intricacy of the design employed and the fineness of the wire.

A fourth process has just been introduced from Paris. Any article to be reproduced is immersed in a strong bath and exposed in a peculiar way to the action of heat, electricity and powerful re-agents. The atoms of the article are abstracted under these conditions and replaced by those of any metals desired. Among the things thus treated may be mentioned insects, blossoms, leaves, lace, basket work, seeds, shells and minute fishes. Words fail to describe the marvelous fidelity with which the tiniest point and line is copied in the hardest metal. The "fuzz" of a geranium leaf and even the antennae of a fly are thus reproduced faultlessly. This process is the most beautiful as well as the most costly of all the new ones described. It requires the highest mechanical and scientific skill to secure any result whatever. While in many cases it reproduces the most exquisite fabrics, yet the conditions of success are not thoroughly understood as yet, so that its failures are numerous and discouraging.

The last process seems to possess a great future scientific value for preserving permanently the forms of animal and vegetable life.

An Historical Doll.

An historical doll, recently exhibited in New York, is copied from a Velasquez of Ferdinand II., Duke of Tuscany. It is dressed in green plush and point lace, with a suit of steel armor over it. A beautiful long curly wig graces this duke.

Out Both Ways at Once.

At breakfast-time yesterday morning one of Pittsburgh's best known society men, and capitalists, finally became uneasy and suspicious. Finally he remarked to his wife, as he pumped a roll:

"Sleep well last night?"

"Yes dear, fairly well."

"Didn't find a man under the bed when you looked for him last night?"

"No, dear."

"And you didn't hear any burglars about the house?"

"Why, no, dear."

"I thought you didn't," he replied, with a sarcastic smile. "You didn't wake me up once to go down stairs to chase them out. I'd like to know, though, where that five-dollar gold piece, those three silver dollars, and those half dollars and quarters I had in my pocket last night when I went to bed have disappeared to."

"I have them, my dear."

"The deuce you have!" he exclaimed, astounded by the openness of the confession.

"Yes, dear; I read in the paper that money is tight in the East, and you know it is just as likely to get tight here as there, so I thought it best to take it away from you."—[Pittsburg Dispatch.

A Safe Stopper.

It was the trial trip of Dr. Jones's new yacht. The wind was blowing fresh. Dr. Jones was in the cabin with some friends. Young Bright was on deck talking with the sailing master. The water was spilling over the rail and washing the deck with spray.

"Is this boat safe?" asked Briggs timidly.

"I should say it was, sir; safe as a crab in its hole."

"Well," returned Briggs, nervously, "the boat may be safe, but is Dr. Jones a good yachtsman?"

"That he is, sir. Why, do you know he emptied a whole case of Extra Dry last night? He's an accomplished yachtsman. He's fit to be a commodore."

"Yes, I knew about the wine, but you will pardon me if I am a little nervous about our safety. You say we are safe, and yet Dr. Jones never comes on deck in stormy weather to manage the boat himself."

"Yes," replied the skipper curtly; "that's the reason there's no danger."—[Puck.

Tempted To Entertain Strangers.

A Christian gentleman wishing to hear a certain clergyman (now departed, full of faith, full of good works, full of years, and of honors), went into the gallery of his church, where were many vacant pews.

He took one of them, but had hardly sat down when his eyes were greeted with the placard:

"Strangers are requested not to take this slip."

In the same house an elderly woman walked nearly the length of the aisle—there were plenty of vacant sittings—turned, and was walking back, to one offering her a seat.

The clergyman left his pulpit, came down, gave her his arm, and led her to a slip.

How many like things and of like import might be mentioned. But these are the more readily mentioned, as that house is now free.—[Christian Union.

Liver Without Stomach.

A four-year old boy, while making a morning call at the house of a neighbor, overheard the servant girl talking emphatically to the cat in her endeavor to get it out of the kitchen.

Among other things the girl said to the cat was this: "If you don't get out of this I'll shake the liver out of you!"

This remark struck the listening youngster favorably, and he treasured it up for future use.

Next morning he chanced to be at this same neighbor's, and the smaller members of the household announced to him that they were going to have liver for breakfast.

The youngster put two and two together at once, and reached his own conclusions; then, to confirm them, he turned to the girl and asked anxiously: "Did you shake it out of the cat?"—[St. Albans Messenger.

Green Wanted His Time.

"I wanted to see one of your clerks named Green," said a demure little woman the other day as she stopped in a Woodward avenue dry goods store by the floor-walker.

"Mr. Green is very busy, ma'am."

"Yes, but I won't detain him more than a minute."

"You'd better leave the message with me, ma'am."

"Oh, well, then, you may tell him he needn't mind about coming up as usual to-night. I shall be married at least an hour before he can get there!"

"Ah! exactly!' Anything else I can show you to-day, ma'am?" he asked as he bowed her out.—[Detroit Free Press.

Reward and Repentance.

A gentleman who was up before a court for stealing cattle had a long black beard. The prosecuting attorney in his speech to the jury did not spare the feelings of the accused. He called the unfortunate man all manner of hard names. As a parting shot he said:

"Yes, gentlemen of the jury, the prisoner at the bar has a conscience as black as his beard."

"If that's so, then you haven't got any conscience at all."

The presiding judge, whose face is clean-shaven, smiled, as did the jury.

As most of the jury had smooth faces they yelled "not guilty" without leaving their seats.

Curious Entry From a Marriage Register.

An English paper gives the following curious notice, found in the marriage register of the Church of St. James, Barry street, Edmunds.

"1832, November 5—Christopher Newson, Charity Morrell. Charity Morrell being entirely without arms, the ring was placed upon the fourth toe of the left foot, and she wrote her name in the register with her right foot."

A Sentimental Reason.

Said she: "I'd like very much to know why the men do not propose?"

Said he: "It's because their salary wouldn't go

Very far towards buying a wedding outfit."—[Chicago Telegram.

He Stuck Where He Fell.

"There's no such word as fail," said an old gentleman to his son, whose business was worrying him.

"That's so, father," was the hopeful response, "I guess I'll make an assignment."—[Merchant Traveler.